

Story #121 (Tape erased)

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The Blind Padişah with Three Sons

Once there was and once there was not, a long time ago, when God had many people but it was a sin to say so, when the camel was a town crier and the cock was a barber, when the sieve was in the straw and I was rocking my mother's cradle, "Tingir, mingir," there was a padishah who had three sons, the youngest of whom was a keloghlan. After a time, the padishah became blind, and he was told in a dream that he could be cured only if someone could take a handful of dirt from some place on earth that had never been trodden by his horse's feet.

The eldest son said, "Father, I shall go and get a handful of dirt from a place where your horse has never walked." He mounted his horse, took along food enough for six months, and set out on his journey. He rode in a straight line for three months and then he said to himself, "Surely my father could not have come this far." So he took a handful of dirt from that place and started home with it. He arrived back at his father's palace at the end of another three months and said to the blind padishah, "Here is a handful of dirt from a place three months' distance from here."

His father smiled and said, "Son, I used to light a cigarette and reach the spot where you got this dirt before I had smoked it halfway down. My horse has walked on this soil many times."

The eldest son was humiliated at his failure and said nothing. Then the second son said, "Father, I shall get a handful of dirt never trodden by your horse's hoofs." He took enough food to last for a year--six

months to go and six months to return--and then set out. After riding for six months he came to a high mountain covered with trees. He climbed to the top of this mountain and took from the very peak a handful of dirt. When he returned, at the end of a year, he said, "Try this earth, father, and see if it will do your eyes any good."

The padishah had traveled extensively, and he knew of every type of soil that existed anywhere. He pinched some of the dirt that the second son had brought and said, "Son, I used to light a cigarette and ride to the mountain where you got this soil before it was entirely smoked."

The second son was humiliated and said nothing. The youngest son, Keloghlan, said nothing also, but he decided that he would now go in search of the handful of earth that would cure his father's blindness. It was Friday and Keloghlan carried his blind father to the mosque on his back. Leaving the padishah there, Keloghlan rushed home and went immediately to his mother's room. "Where does my father keep his horse?" he asked.

"Why, in the stable with all of the other horses," she answered.

"No, that is not what I mean." He grabbed his mother and held the point of a knife to her throat. "You will tell me where he keeps his horse or I will kill you," he said.

"There is a lake in the courtyard," she said, "and the horse lives in that lake."

"How shall I take the horse from the lake?" asked Keloghlan.

"There is a special bridle hanging in the stable, apart from the others. If you take this bridle and strike the surface of the water with it, the horse will rise to the surface and come to you."

The keloghlan went to the lake in the courtyard and did as his mother had directed. When the magic horse came to the surface and swam

over to him, Keloghlan slipped the bridle over his head. He led the horse from the lake and tied him to a nearby tree. By this time the service in the mosque was over, so Keloghlan went there and carried his father back home. Kissing his father's hands, he said, "Farewell, father. I am going to find the healing earth for your eyes."

"Your elder brothers have both tried and failed," said the padishah.

"Why do you think that you can succeed?"

"If it is my kismet, father, I shall be able to do it."

"Well, are you taking a good weapon with you? Go into that next room and take any of my swords that you can swing. They are all so heavy, you may not find one you can carry."

Keloghlan went into the next room, picked up a whole armful of swords, and dumped them down before his father with a great clatter. Greatly pleased, the padishah said, "I believe that you will succeed in this difficult undertaking."

After traveling for a day Keloghlan came to a house where he stopped and asked for lodging for the night. An old woman lived there with her daughter. "Where are you going, son?" asked the old woman.

"I am the son of the blind padishah, mother, and I am searching for a handful of dirt that will cure my father's blindness. It has to be dirt on which the hoofs of my father's horse have never trodden. I shall travel until I find this."

"But, young man, there is hardly a spot on the earth where the feet of your father's horse have not walked. There is just one spot that I know of, and that is beneath the head of a sleeping monster, a horrible dragon."

Before he left the house of the old woman he asked for the hand of her daughter for his eldest brother. The old woman agreed to this and they pledged the engagement by drinking sherbet together. "I shall

return later for her," he said the next morning, and then he left

At the end of that day he came to another house and knocked on the door. An old woman came to the door and asked, "What do you want, son?"

"I should like to stay as a guest at your home tonight," he said.

"All right, son, come in. Where are you going?"

"I am the son of the blind padishah, mother, and I am searching for a handful of earth from a place never walked upon by my father's horse. This dirt will cure his blind eyes."

"I am afraid that you will never be able to do that. Your father has lived a long life and he has ridden all over this land on his horse."

They sat down and after a short time a beautiful girl brought them two cups of coffee on a tray. When Keloghlan saw the girl, he asked for her hand for his second brother. When the old woman agreed to this, they pledged the engagement by drinking their coffee

The next morning Keloghlan left, saying that he would return for the girl. After riding for several hours, he came upon a plain, and in the center of the plain he saw a huge object dappled red and white. "Oh, my horse," he said, "what is that strange thing in the center of this plain?"

"That is the monster you have been seeking. My feet have touched every place on earth except the soil beneath his head. I have run around this monster a great many times as your father fought with it, but I have never walked on the spot where he lays his head, for your father could never defeat him. If he rears his head, the whole area may be engulfed in flames. I may be able to save myself by running, but you would be burned to death. It was these flames that damaged your father's eyes and eventually made him blind."

"You stay here," said the young man, "and I shall go alone to fight this dragon."

"Come along, young man," said the monster when he came close to it, "what do you want?"

"Dragon father," said Keloghlan, "with your permission I should like to take a handful of dirt from beneath your head. I have heard that my father often fought with you and that he became blind as a result. I want the soil to heal his blind eyes."

"Is it your turn to fight with me now? I shall give you the dirt on one condition."

"What is it?"

"Somewhere behind that farthest mountain lives a khoja girl. If you will bring her to me, I shall let you have the earth you want."

Keloghlan went back to his horse, mounted it, and set out to search for the khoja girl. He rode past the mountain pointed at by the dragon and after several days found the khoja girl on a flat, grassy plain, performing her ablutions and praying. The young man approached her as she was praying and shouted "Selâmünaleyküm!"

But the girl could not answer then, for she was in the middle of her prayer. The young man opened his mouth to speak again, but he was suddenly struck blind. After she had finished praying, the girl said to him, "Now, young man, speak!"

"What shall I speak? I came with eyes but now I am blind."

"You should know that everything has to be done according to its own rules. A prayer must never be interrupted."

"Well, I was an ignorant man and did not know this."

"I shall cure you then," replied the khoja girl and saying, "Bismillah!" she drew her thumbs across the young man's eyes. Immediately

he was able to see again, but there was no white in his eyes any longer. They were entirely black. "What is your purpose here, young man?" asked the khoja girl.

"My purpose here is to take you to a monster down in the valley so that he will give me a handful of dirt from beneath his head. This dirt will cure my father's blindness."

"I could cure his blindness," said the girl.

"But I have promised to bring the dirt from beneath the monster's head to cure him," said Keloghlan.

"Very well, then, I shall go with you to the monster, but I have one condition first."

"What is your condition?"

"There is a horse with six colts that lives in a river nearby. All of them come out to graze on an island in the center of the river. For years I have tried to catch that mare and her horses but I have always failed. If you can deliver them to me, I shall go with you to the monster."

The young man accepted this proposal and returned to his horse. He found his horse weeping. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't I cry? Those colts are my brothers and that mare is my mother. Once we all lived in a lake together. Your father built his palace by that lake. He caught me when I was very young and hid me. My mother looked for me everywhere but could not find me. Then she took my brothers and left, and now they live here in the river."

"How can I catch them?"

"I shall try to lead my mother along the bank of the river. Take off my bridle, and when she passes by, throw it over her head. If you can catch her, then the colts will follow after her." They went to the river bank and the young man took off the special bridle. Before the

horse dived in he said to Keloghlan, "If you see a patch of red foam on the surface of the water after I jump in, do not wait for me. If you see a patch of white foam, it means that I am alive."

The young man waited on the bank for several minutes and then he saw a patch of white foam on the surface of the water. A few minutes later he saw his own horse swim by with the mare and her colts chasing it like a pack of dogs. As the mare swam past, Keloghlan threw the bridle over her head and in this way caught her. He returned to the khoja girl with the mare.

"At last I have caught you," said the girl.

"You did not catch me. I was taken unawares," said the mare.

Turning to the son of the blind padishah the girl said, "You have captured the mare that I could not capture. You must be more courageous than I am. I am ready to go to the monster with you."

The khoja girl mounted the wild mare and Keloghlan mounted his own horse, and together they rode to the place where the monster lay on the plain. When they drew close to him, Keloghlan shouted, "Selâm-ünaleyküm, dragon father!"

"Aleykümselâm, son," said the monster. "You must be a very wise young man to be able to capture this khoja girl. I tried for many years to capture her but always failed. You are wiser than I am and you may take both the girl and the handful of dirt that you wish."

Keloghlan took the dirt and started toward home. The khoja girl rode alongside him and the six colts followed them. As soon as the dirt had been torn up from the ground and placed in the handkerchief of the young man, the eyes of his father were cured. The khoja girl knew this, and after they had ridden for a distance, she said to Keloghlan. "Beware of your two older brothers. They will set a trap for you at a crossroad where you will meet them. They will talk with you about your adven-

tures and then they will leave you in the trap to die."

"I do not believe this," said Keloghlan.

"It is true, nevertheless. But do not worry about it. Here is a magic ring. When you have fallen into the trap, wait patiently until you hear the Friday ezan. Then lick this ring and two rams will appear, one white and the other black. If you mount the white ram, he will carry you up out of the trap into which you have fallen, but if you mount the black one, he will carry you down to the seventh level of the earth."

They rode until they came to the cottage where the young man had pledged the engagement of a girl to his second brother. They placed this girl on a colt and then rode a whole day until they came to the house where Keloghlan had first stopped. There they took the girl pledged to his older brother and placed her on another of the colts of the wild mare, and together they all started toward the palace of Keloghlan's father.

As they approached a crossroad, Keloghlan saw his two brothers sitting before a tent waiting for him. "Remember what I told you," said the khoja girl. "After they leave you in the trap they will take me and the other two girls home with them. They will marry these girls, but I will refuse to marry either of them unless certain conditions are met. I shall ask for a dress that has not seen the sun, that has not been cut by scissors or sewn by the hand of man. No one will be able to provide this until you come, for there is only one dress like this in the world, and it is inside this hazelnut. When I see that dress, I shall then know that you have gotten out of the trap and returned." Saying this, she gave the young man a hazelnut. He put the nut in his pocket and smiled at her, but he still did not believe that his brothers would try to harm him. "After that I shall ask for a golden tray on which a golden dog is chasing a golden rabbit. There is only one of these wonderful objects in the world and it is inside this walnut. If I am presented

with such a golden tray, I shall know it comes from you." Then she gave the keloghlan the walnut and he put this in his pocket too.

When the padishah's eyes were suddenly cured, he knew that his youngest son must have taken the handful of dirt from a spot never trodden upon by his horse's hoofs. He was very happy and arranged for a great celebration when Keloghlan returned. He sent his two older sons to meet Keloghlan and escort him home. The brothers went to a cross-road they knew he would pass and there they dug a deep well. They then covered this well with a fine rug and set up a tent over the rug. Letting their horses graze nearby, the brother waited near the tent for Keloghlan

"Selâmünaleykûm!" Keloghlan shouted to his brothers

"Aleykûmselâm, brother! Welcome home!" they said. After the usual greetings and after some pleasant talk, the brothers asked Keloghlan to relate his adventures. He told them all that had happened since the day he had left home. When he had finished, the eldest brother said, "Come inside the tent and rest before we take you back to the palace." Keloghlan entered the tent and sat down on the rug, and, of course, he immediately fell into the deep well, where his brothers left him. The two brothers threatened the three girls with immediate death if any one of them should tell what they had done to Keloghlan, and then the five of them proceeded to the palace of the padishah.

The band was playing for their arrival, and the padishah welcomed them at the palace gate. But when he did not see Keloghlan with the others, he asked, "Where is my youngest son?"

"Father, we were attacked by wolves," said the eldest brother, "and Keloghlan was devoured partly by them and partly by the vultures that came down on us afterwards. Here is his bloody shirt that we brought

home."

The padishah had to accept this explanation. What else could he do? Now let us leave these people and go back to Keloghlan, who is lying at the bottom of the well.

When Friday came and it was time for the main service, Keloghlan heard the ezan called. He licked the ring which the khoja girl had given him and two rams appeared by him in the well. One was white and the other black. He started to mount the white ram, but the black one jumped between his legs and carried him off. Before he knew what had happened, the black ram had carried him through a hole in the bottom of the well down to the seventh layer of the earth. There he looked around and discovered that he was in a land that he had never seen before. It had a sun and a moon and mountains, just like the world he had left.

Keloghlan started to walk and after a while he came to a small house where an old woman lived. "Grandmother, give me some water," he said. The old woman went inside, urinated in a pan, and brought the pan to Keloghlan. "This is foul water to give a guest, grandmother. Have you no fresh water?"

"O son," she said, "there is a seven-headed giant who owns the only well here. He allows us to draw water from this well only when we present him with a girl to eat. Otherwise we get no water at all."

"Where is this giant to be found?" asked Keloghlan.

"He lives over at the foot of that mountain, and today he is to eat the padishah's daughter. It is her turn."

Keloghlan walked toward the mountain, and on the way he saw a long procession of people. They were leading the padishah's daughter, dressed ceremonially, to the well, where the giant would eat her. She was walking along sadly carrying a pitcher of water and a plate of food. A short way

from the well, the attendants left the padishah's daughter, and she walked on alone

Keloghlan then stepped up to the girl and asked, "Where are you going?"

"I am going to the seven-headed giant to be eaten so that the people can have water."

"If I go along with you, will the giant eat me too?" asked the young man.

"Yes, he would, but you should not come with me. There is no need for you to die."

"I do not mind," said Keloghlan. "Let us go together."

When they came near the giant, he laughed and said, "Have you come to be eaten with your beloved, young man? Can't you stand being separated from her?" After saying this the giant exhaled a great breath at Keloghlan, and the young man was buried in earth up to his waist. Keloghlan stood up and the giant blew at him again, this time burying him up to his shoulders. He shook himself loose again. Then the giant blew at him a third time and buried him in the earth up to the top of his head. When Keloghlan struggled out of the earth alive again, the giant said, "My strength is at an end. I can harm you no more

Hearing this, Keloghlan drew his sword and struck six times, cutting off six of the giant's heads. "O brave young man, strike once more!" said the giant.

"No, that is enough," said Keloghlan.

When the giant had died, the girl dipped her hands in his blood and pressed them against the back of Keloghlan. Then she returned to the palace and said, "Father, a strange young man came and killed the giant. He saved my life and the lives of many others, for now we shall have all the water we want."

The padishah decided to give his daughter to the young man who had killed the giant and so he called together all his criers. He told them to announce that on the following day all the young men in the kingdom should march past the palace. The man at whom his daughter threw an apple would be her husband.

Many ordinary men sold their fields and other properties in order to buy rich clothes to look handsome as they passed beneath the window of the padishah's daughter. But she did not throw her apple at any of the young men who passed. They counted the number of young men who had passed, and the number was correct. Apparently no one was hiding. Then there came to the palace the old woman at whose door the young man had first knocked, and she reported to the padishah that there was a brave young man hiding at her house. When Keloghlan was finally pulled from his hiding place and forced to march past the window of the padishah's daughter, the girl finally threw her apple at him.

"It is you, then," said the padishah, "who killed the seven-headed giant. You may have my daughter as your bride

Keloghlan denied that he was the one who had killed the giant. The padishah's daughter then ordered that Keloghlan be seized and his shirt removed. "There are the prints of my hands made with the giant's blood, father," she said.

When Keloghlan still refused to marry the girl, he feared that the padishah might torture him. But the padishah forgave him and asked, "What is there that you would like?"

"My only wish now is to return to my own land, if I can find some means of getting there."

"You may have anything you wish in my kingdom," said the padishah

Every day Keloghlan rode around the kingdom trying to find some way to return to the upper world. One day on his travels he stopped to

rest and fell asleep in the shade of a large tree. After he had slept for a while he was awakened by a loud noise. When he looked around, he saw that the noise came from a nest of young birds who were being eaten by a huge snake that was coiled around one of the branches. Keloghlan drew his sword and killed the snake, which fell out of the tree onto the ground like a heap of pilaf. Then he lay down and went back to sleep.

The nest in the tree belonged to the Emerald-Green Anka whose brood of young was continually being eaten by this serpent. The brood now in the nest was the last that the Anka was destined to have, for after this it could produce no more. The young birds explained to her what had happened when she returned, and the mother bird spread her wings over Keloghlan so that no ray of sunlight touched him. When Keloghlan awakened again, he looked up and saw the huge wings spread above him, and he said, "O bird, are you here for good or for evil?"

"For good," said the bird. "What is your wish?"

"I am the son of the blind padishah and I wish to return to my country."

"That is not difficult. I shall take you there, but first you must get me forty kilos of meat and forty kilos of water for the trip," said the bird.

Keloghlan returned to the palace of the padishah and requested forty kilos of meat and forty kilos of water. All this was provided, and a number of attendants carried the meat and the water to the foot of the tree where Keloghlan directed them. They were very curious about what he would do there. Was the meat for a huge feast? Was the water to be poured on the roots of the tree? It was almost dark when they reached the tree, and the yatsi service had already ended.

When the huge bird saw them approaching, she asked, "Is my meat ready?"

"Yes, it is," answered Keloghlan.

"Is my water ready?"

"Yes, it is."

"Well, then, load the water under my left wing and the meat under my right wing. Then climb on my back, and I shall carry you back to your own land. When I say 'Gok,' give me a piece of meat to eat, and when I say 'Guk,' give me some of the water to drink."

Keloghlan did as he was directed, and the bird started flying. When she said "Gok," he gave her a piece of meat to eat, and when she said "Guk," he gave her some of the water to drink. He did this many times until both the meat and the water were gone. As they were approaching Keloghlan's land, the bird said, "Gok," once again, but there was no more meat to feed it. Then Keloghlan cut a small piece of flesh from the calf of his leg and fed that to the bird.

Finally the bird landed in Keloghlan's country and the young man climbed down from her back. After he had thanked her, the bird spat out the last piece of meat that Keloghlan had fed her and said, "Put that back on your leg and it will grow again. I knew that it was human flesh as soon as you gave it to me, and so I just held it in my mouth. I have now done all that I can for you. Farewell!"

After the bird had flown away, Keloghlan took from his pocket the magic ring that the khoja girl had given him. He licked the ring and at once a huge Arab appeared and asked, "What is your wish?"

"I have no way of getting home from here. Bring me a horse."

"Close your eyes, then," said the Arab.

Keloghlan did as he was directed, and when he opened his eyes, he saw before him a beautiful gray horse. It was a magic horse, three meters high, that would run until the rider let the reins fall on the saddle. Then it would disappear. Keloghlan rode all day toward his father's palace and dismounted at night to rest. As he did so, the reins

touched the saddle, and at once the magic horse disappeared. Each day he got a new horse in this way, and at last he arrived home. There no one recognized him, for he was in very shabby condition. His beard had grown long and his clothes were tattered. He himself looked quite different, too, for now there were no whites in his eyes. Let us leave him for a while and see what was going on at the court of his father, the padishah.

A short time after Keloghlan's two brothers had brought the three girls back to the palace the padishah began plans for a great wedding ceremony. As the time for the wedding drew near, he hired musicians to play on every street corner every day. This continued for some time, for the wedding was delayed and delayed.

Keloghlan asked someone, "What is going on here?"

The man answered him, "The padishah had three sons but one was lost. The other two brothers want to marry all three of the girls that were to be the brides of the three sons before the youngest was killed. Two of the girls are ready to marry but the third will not even allow her hands to be hennaed."

"Why does she not wish to marry?" asked Keloghlan.

"She has certain conditions. She wants a dress that has not seen the sun, that has not been cut with scissors, and that has not been sewn by the hand of man. She says that she will marry only the person who will bring this dress to her. All of the tailors in the land have been called, but they cannot make a dress without cutting or sewing it. The padishah has given them forty days to make such a dress, and if they do not bring one to him at the end of that time, then the oldest and most honored tailor will have his head chopped off."

"There is nothing very difficult about this," said Keloghlan.

"How could it be done?" asked the man, and then he took Keloghlan

to the oldest and most honored tailor, who was sitting in his shop in deep meditation. "What are you thinking about so deeply, father?" Keloghlan asked.

"The padishah's sons are to marry, and I am to make a dress for one of the brides. but it is an impossibility. It is to be a dress that has never seen the sun, that has not been cut with scissors, and that has not been sewn by the hand of man. Because neither I nor any of the other tailors in the land can make such a thing, I probably have but a few days to live."

"Take me as your apprentice, and I shall make such a dress by morning."

The old tailor did not really believe Keloghlan, but he agreed to take him as his apprentice. Keloghlan spent the night in the shop and when the tailor came back in the morning, the young man handed him the hazelnut. "I wanted a dress from you, not a hazelnut," said the tailor angrily.

"But, tailor father, the dress is in the nut."

"Let me see it," said the old man. When he touched the button on the top of the nut, the shell split open and a dress unfolded from it, a dress that had never seen the sun, that had not been cut by scissors, and that had not been sewn by the hand of man. When he touched the button on the bottom, the dress folded back into the nut and the shell shut again. "It is a miracle," said the tailor.

"Take the good news to the padishah, collect your reward, and give him the hazelnut," said Keloghlan.

The padishah rewarded the tailor generously, giving him money both for himself and for his apprentice. The dress was taken to the khoja girl, and as soon as she saw it, she knew that her young man was near.

That day there was to be a jirit game as part of the wedding celebrations, and everyone was invited. The old tailor asked his apprentice to go with him, but Keloghlán said he preferred to remain at home. After the old man had gone, Keloghlán licked the ring, and the Arab appeared: "What is your wish, efendi?"

"I wish a black suit and the blackest horse in the world," said Keloghlán. When the Arab returned with these things, Keloghlán dressed himself in the black suit, mounted the blackest horse in the world, and rode to the field where the jirit game was being played. He entered the contest, and as soon as he had an opportunity, he threw his javelin at the older of his two brothers. He threw it with such force that it pierced his brother's body and then stuck into the ground so deep that fifteen men could not pull it out. Word of this was taken to the padishah, and immediately a search was made for the black horseman, but no trace of him could be found.

The eldest brother was buried, and three or five days after the mourning ended, the padishah said, "One of my sons still lives. Let us continue the wedding celebrations now, and he will wed all three girls."

Two of the girls were willing, but the khoja girl now had another condition to be met: "I want a golden tray on which a golden dog is chasing a golden rabbit. Unless this is brought to me, I shall not marry.

All of the goldsmiths in the land were called together by the padishah, who said, "You have forty days in which to make a golden tray on which a golden dog is chasing a golden rabbit. If you do not bring it to me within that time, the oldest and most honored goldsmith among you will be beheaded."

At once all of the goldsmiths set to work to try to make the wonderful golden tray, but one after another, they all failed in their attempts. As the days passed, the oldest and most honored goldsmith prepared

himself for death. Then Keloghlan went to the old man and asked, "What are you thinking about so deeply, father?"

"Why shouldn't I think deeply? I am soon to die because neither I nor any of the other goldsmiths can construct for the padishah a golden tray upon which a golden dog is chasing a golden rabbit

"That is not so very difficult," said Keloghlan. "Accept me as your apprentice and I shall make it for you overnight."

The master goldsmith did not believe that this strange young man could construct the tray, but he agreed to let him work in the shop that night, and he himself went home. In the morning he returned, and when he entered his shop, he saw Keloghlan staring at a walnut on the table. "Why are you not working on the golden tray for the padishah?" asked the old goldsmith.

"I have finished working on it, father goldsmith, and now I am admiring it."

"You are mad, young man. What you are looking at is a walnut."

"It is a very special walnut, father goldsmith," Saying this, Keloghlan touched a button on the top of the walnut. The shell split in half, and a small bright object inside it grew and grew until it was a golden tray. Around the edge of the tray a golden dog chased a golden rabbit. When Keloghlan pressed a button on the bottom of the walnut, the tray shrank back to its former size and the shell of the nut closed around it again. "Take the good news to the padishah, collect your reward, and give him the walnut."

The old goldsmith was overjoyed. He rushed to the padishah and said, "Your majesty, I have good news for you. Last night my apprentice completed the golden tray you ordered, and here it is." Then he showed the padishah how to open and close the walnut, and the padishah and all his vezirs marveled at this wonderful piece of art. The goldsmith

was generously rewarded, and the golden tray was taken to the khoja girl who recognized it at once as the work of Keloghlan.

The next day another jirit game was announced. The master goldsmith was invited, and he asked the apprentice to go with him, but Keloghlan said he would rather stay at home. As soon as the old man had gone, Keloghlan licked the ring and the Arab appeared: "What is your wish, efendi?"

"I want a red horse and a suit so red that it seems to be dripping with blood." When these were brought to him he dressed himself in the blood-red suit and mounted the red horse, and then he rode to the jirit field. At the first opportunity, he threw his javelin at his brother, who was among the players, and he struck him so hard that he killed him instantly.

The padishah was greatly grieved at the news, but the khoja girl went to him and said, "Your majesty, do not mourn. Your only worthy son has returned alive.

"How can that be?" asked the padishah. "How can dead men come to life?"

"How can a dress come from a hazelnut and a golden tray from a walnut?" Then, no longer fearing the two older brothers, she told the padishah all that had happened. The padishah cried when he saw Keloghlan's black eyeballs, but the young man said, "Do not weep, father. It was my kismet."

Then Keloghlan and the khoja girl were married in a wedding that lasted for forty days and forty nights, and they lived happily after that.